

depend on a Tunker college to hatch the Tunker professors that were to be, even if the incubation had to be done largely by professors alien to the Tunker faith.

But we did want a Tunker for president, and to fill the chair of moral and mental sciences, if he could be found. And we found Professor Sharp of Tennessee. The writer knew him from childhood and thought he would do providing he was not too progressive. He was at this time the teacher of, or perhaps, superintendent of the normal department in a Presbyterian college at Marysville, Tenn. If we had not found Professor Sharp I don't know what we might have done. We probably would have done what we did later, call on a Tunker elder to act as a figure head for the presidency, and depend upon the vice president to do the real work. But the vice president was not a Tunker.

Subsequent developments caused me to believe that the calling of Professor Sharp was a mistake. He was blamed for mis-managing the institution and brought the college and himself into disrepute. It resulted in no good to Professor Sharp. It took him away from a position that he was eminently qualified to fill and he has been out of his proper element ever since, until lately perhaps. At Mt. Morris he held a subordinate position and got along all right as far as I know. At McPherson I am told he encountered the same trouble he had met with at Ashland. I don't know what happened him at Plattsburg, but either the school there abandoned him or he abandoned the school, and it seems he now expects to give his time exclusively to teaching Bible normal classes. I hope he has again found his niche. But perhaps Professor Sharp was not wholly to blame for plunging Ashland College into debt. When he addressed a meeting of citizens in the city of Ashland in arguing for the possibilities of building up a great institute of learning in their city to which he asked them to donate liberally, he made it a point to speak of the financial resources back of the proposed institution. I do not think that he exaggerated when he stated the amount of actual wealth of the Tunkers whom he expected to become patrons of the college; but he miscalculated the amount of *available* wealth. He had long associated with Presbyterians who were schooled to giving of their wealth to educational enterprises, and he supposed that he could count on the Tunker brethren to give in the same proportion. With the wealth that the Tunker church possessed it would have been an easy matter for Sharp to have built and endowed a college, even such as his optimistic vision had planned if they had been schooled in giving. But alas, for the real facts; men who should have given hundreds only gave tens, men who should have given thousands gave only hundreds, and men who should have given five or ten thousand gave only one thousand. The most liberal donors in the Tunker church, in proportion to their wealth were al-

ways the preachers, because they had been inured to making sacrifices and were always (mostly always,) willing to do what they could.

One of the hopeful conditions of the Brethren church is that its members are becoming schooled to give of their substance to the Lord. And altho the members were mostly young and poor at the time of the Dayton Convention, they have by this time accumulated wealth. The church has increased both in numbers and in wealth.

Brother Mackey's improved assertion that the "poor are getting poorer and the rich richer," is disproved in part at least by reference to the Brethren and German Baptist churches. Just think, Brother Mackey, since Brother Gillin says we had nothing but enthusiasm to start with how desperately poor we would have been if we had lost even that; and we could only have become poorer by losing that enthusiasm. Only think, Brother Mackey, if your proposition were true, that the poor are doomed to become poorer how desperately poor the little bankrupt church of seventeen years ago would be to-day. And again if it were true that the rich are getting richer, just think how rich the German Baptists would now be. Why they would be rich enough to possess the earth, including all the church properties except the college debts. Instead of that they are so poor to-day that they do not pay their preachers—only a few. If they would be forced to pay all their preachers the salaries we pay some of ours for a single year, it would so impoverish them that they would feel constrained to close all their schools and call in all their foreign missionaries.

I know that some of our rich brethren have been getting richer during the last few years. I hope they will continue to do so, for I want them to become millionaires. We expect to have the poor always with us, of course but we need more rich men. We need them to endow our college and build others; to establish a large home and foreign missionary fund; to build more churches; endow our Publishing House; and some other things. Let us pray for wisdom in the hope that God will give us long life and riches too. Yes I believe it would be right to pray the Lord to make some of our good brethren and sisters rich, notwithstanding the danger of riches. We could also pray for them to escape the danger by making a proper use of their wealth, and help them by frequent solicitations. If Brother Mackey were a Gunsaulus, and he had a P. D. Armour in his congregation, what great things might be accomplished even in Miami Valley. The church has become richer. Note the number of church buildings of which Brother Gnagey showed us a few specimens in that Twentieth Century Number. I hope it will become richer still. Richer in the number and character of its members; richer in the number of churches and organized congregations; richer in literature; richer in educational facilities; richer in good

works; richer in grace and love; richer in all the Christian graces. Let us be thankful for what God has done for us in the past and look to him for future good.

The Home

The Mother

A little ring of gold—a battered shoe—
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—
Some penciled pictures—playthings one or two—
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,
Tho bearded lips are often hers to kiss
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow
That arches over eyes of manly blue
Mean all joy to her living memory now,
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too,
With that rare love, mysterious and deep,
Down in a mother's heart thru all the years,
That placid age can never lull to sleep
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view,
And finger the wee treasures hidden there—
To touch the little ring and battered shoe,
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow hair!

—New York Press.

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND

ROGER E. DARLING

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter"—Jesus.

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand."

A dear brother in writing a letter of sympathy to me this dark hour of separation from my beloved companion, closed his letter with the words, "Some day we'll understand."

We live in a world of mystery. Take up any subject and it ends in the unknown. There are countless numbers of events happen, events so strange and so mysterious that we cannot and never will understand, until we stand before the throne.

Dr. Talmage says, "There is no question we ask oftener than 'why?'" Why does God do this? Why did he permit that? Why was such and such an affliction sent? Why is it God takes away those we love so well? How happy we were while they were with us. Our cup was filled with gladness, but only to fall and break, leaving our heart-strings torn and bleeding. Why was it so? Perhaps we will never know until we reach Father's mansions.

We should leave these questions with God, giving ourselves solely into his care, knowing "that all things work together for good to them that love God." His plans and purposes are right. Over our disappointments, and withered ideals, and vanished hopes, and green mounds are the words "God is love."

"Sometime we'll understand." We are in the valley now, but we are journeying to the mountain tops, up into the light of eternal day, then we shall see with clearer vision,